

**Morning Journal Man Puts on new Subscribers**

Richard R. Archer, representing the Albuquerque Morning Journal, was here Monday and Tuesday morning in the interest of his paper. He succeeded in putting on a few brand new subscribers. The Journal ought to have more subscribers, because it is published every day with full Associated Press report, and there is no better newspaper published in the southwest.

The Friday Reading Circle entertained the members of their households and a few friends December 30, at the home of Mrs. H. B. Seamons. After a short program, a delicious turkey dinner was served. Mrs. Seamons proved herself an ideal hostess.

The public schools resumed work Monday morning, after having been in recess for two weeks during the holidays. The attendance has been good this week, indicating that the pupils enjoy their work, as well as holidays and play.

**The Missing Kiss.**  
George had been away on business for a whole long week, and during that time he had sent Clara ten letters, six letter cards and forty-two picture post cards.

Why, then, was there a touch of coldness in her greeting when he drew to her arms on his return?

"Dearest," he whispered, "what is the matter?"

"Oh, George," she said, "you didn't send a kiss in your ninth letter."

"My precious," he replied, "that night I had steak and onions for dinner, and you wouldn't have liked a kiss after onions, would you?"

And, such is the unfathomable power of love, she was satisfied and nestled to him.—Pearson's Weekly.

**The Icelanders' Language.**

How strange it would seem to us to day if there existed, say in Newfoundland, a colony of Anglo-Saxons, sent there by King Alfred and speaking still the pure old Saxon tongue of King Alfred's Wessex! Yet this would exactly parallel the case of Iceland. While Danes and Swedes have monopolized the ancient Scandinavian of the sagas into the Danish and Swedish of the present day the Icelanders still go on speaking the tongue of their forefathers pretty much as it was spoken by Rolf the Ganger and Harold Haradrada. They read the sagas in the tongue of the old sagas as easily as our children can read Shakespeare and the English Bible.

**Naming the Tiger.**

On the overthrow of the monarchy of Louis Philippe a Sunday crowd visited the Jardin des Plantes and was amazed to find the fine specimen of the Bengal tiger still bearing the label of "Le Tigre Royal." Nothing would serve the furious crowd but that a once on the spot the authorities should change the name to "Le Tigre National," and they did. London Academy.

**The Privilege of Age.**

One of the few advantages of increasing years lies in the consciousness that we shall one day be able to give advice instead of receiving it. No one would dare advise a man of fifty unless it might be his wife, in which case he would not listen to her, while the person who would think of advising a woman of forty does not exist.—London Ladies' Field.

"How much can you hold anyhow?" asked the woman in amazement as she handed the tattered tramp his third plateful.

"I don't know, mum," said Edna Jorgelson, resuming operations. "I hadn't never been tested up to my full capacity yet."—Chicago Tribune.

Ivory billiard balls freshly turned have to be treated very carefully, as a sudden change of temperature may cause them to crack. To prevent this they require to be placed for at least three months in a warm room in order to shrink gradually and dry true before they are finished and polished.

Mr. Green—No, my dear; I will not tell you what I'm going to give you for your birthday. Why can't you women be content to wait and enjoy being surprised?

Mrs. Green—Oh, tell me now! If you keep your word, I'll be surprised enough.

"If you marry Grace," exclaimed an irate father to his son, "I'll cut you off without a penny, and you won't have so much as a piece of pork to boil in the pot."

"Well," said the young man, "Grace before meat." And he immediately went in search of a minister.

His Fiancee—Oh, yes, it's lovely being engaged to you, Jack. But I do wish you were a rich man, dear.

He—How rich, darling?

His Fiancee—Oh, rich enough for me to be able to snub the people I detest and still have them call me amiable.—London Opinion.

The aquarium at Brighton, England, is one of the largest and most beautiful aquaria in Europe. It is operated with annexes, like a theater and restaurant, but the place is admirably maintained and during the summer is one of the attractions of the English watering place.



**T**HERE'S a fellow in my store that wants to get work. He is well experienced, comes from a good home and anxious to make a record for himself.

His name is Big Ben. He is a handsome, well built, refined and bright looking chap with a clean cut, open face and a deep, cheerful voice.

Well dressed, punctual, up to the minute and always on the

job. Works 36 hours at a stretch and overtime when needed.

Guarantees to wish you good morning when you want it and either way you want it, continuously for 8 minutes or intermittently for 15.

He makes the store his headquarters—come in and see him whenever you are down town. Very reasonable—same price for one year or for ten.

**\$2.50**

**HENRY S. EVANS, Everything in Jewelry**

**DISBURSING CHARITY FUND**

(continued from page one)

very truly,

THE MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION.

J. H. DORAN,  
Secretary.

The Charity Ball Association held a meeting Wednesday afternoon to devise ways and means to dispose of the fund which was refused by the Ministerial Association. The decision was to have the fund expended by the association.

If any one knows of a case of distress or destitution, he will confer a favor by reporting the case to Mr. Warren or to any other member of the association. A careful investigation will be made of each case which is brought to the notice of the association, and whenever found worthy, assistance will be rendered so long as the fund lasts.

**Shamrock Items**

Miss Arnett returned Saturday night from Mountain Park where she has been spending the Christmas holidays.

Mrs. Geo. Kimple and son, Floyd, left last week for Oklahoma where they intend to make their home.

Edwin Kellar returned Saturday night from the Sacramento mountains where he has been at work.

There was a dance given at Mr. Morgan's New Year's night. Shamrock was pretty well represented.

Mrs. Wayne Brazel has been here visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Boyd, the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Cox of Three Rivers have moved down here for the present.

Mrs. Ethel Farris is spending this week in Alamogordo.

Mrs. E. E. Copernoll has just finished fencing her place.

W. A. Wells was down here Sunday and Monday from Alamogordo on business.

We sell for cash, but give more meat for the money than any place in town.

Cash Market.

**RANGE FEED SCARCE**

Tom Johnson is interviewed in Kansas City

Range feed is very scarce in the lower plains country of southwestern New Mexico, according to T. J. Johnson of Alamogordo, N. M., who has on today's market 3 carloads of cattle. Mr. Johnson ranches back some 85 miles in the Sacramento mountains. "That is a big country," he said. "Great plains and mountains. For 2 years it has been very dry all over the country, especially down on the plains. We have had a small shower occasionally, but not enough moisture to do the country much good. Cattlemen have been running their stock out from the plains district all season, and there are not many left, but enough for the small amount of feed there is. In the mountains the conditions are not quite so bad. We have more feed there. The small ranchmen raise a little feed, and the larger outfits use cottonseed cake when feed gives out. It is really strange how cattle will live along on very little feed in that country and do fairly well. So by furnishing some cake or a little forage feed, in addition to what they can get on the range, we manage to get along. In places the country has a large supply of sheep. The mountains seem to be full of them. They get around where cattle cannot go, and get through a little better way than cattle. If we could get the proper moisture, there is no telling the number of cattle and sheep we could produce. But until the country becomes better settled, and more feed can be raised, we are bound to strike these extremes."—Kansas City Drovers' Telegram.

Miss Arnett was here Saturday afternoon, returning to her home in Shamrock, after having spent the holidays at Mountain Park.

The ladies of the Christian church will serve a general dinner and supper on Saturday, January 21, next door to Carmack's on New York avenue. There will be no end of good things to eat.

**DEMOCRATIC PRESS COMMENT**

Good Journals are Supporting the Constitution

Sings the Democratic Melrose Enterprise, for instance:

"The constitution absolutely guarantees the limit on taxes which will make them lower than today. Why not statehood? We know there are a lot of good things that will come to us when the outside world learns that we are big enough to rule ourselves.

"From the present indications it might be figured that Curry county is going to have a big majority for the constitution. The people are going to forget politics this time and be patriots. It's our country we want to save!

"It should be remembered that we don't care a rap for the politician's wishes in this matter but that we want that which is best for all the people. We all have to live under the proposed constitution—not just one party."

The Clovis Journal carols the same tune in Curry county and the Democratic Roswell Daily Democrat declares editorially:

"As the days go by it becomes more and more evident that the constitution will receive a large majority of the votes cast. The people of the territory, irrespective of politics, are determined to have statehood, and they will take the best and quickest way to get it—Vote for it.

"New Mexico has less than ten people to the square mile of area. The way to help fill out that area with more people is to vote for statehood. The admission of New Mexico as a state in the Union will do more to bring people to New Mexico than anything else that can be named. Our people deserve statehood and now is the time to get it. Vote for the constitution."—Santa Fe New Mexican.

A. F. Menger, the real estate dealer has moved into the room in the First National Bank building formerly occupied by the Alamo Business Men's Club. He has the whole of the big front window devoted to a display of Otero county mineral agricultural and fruit products. Mr. Menger is an earnest and intelligent booster.

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**IT IS NOW OR NEVER**

Defeat the Constitution and Delay Statehood

There is no way of getting away from the fact and no sophistry will hide it that a vote against the constitution is a vote against citizenship, against statehood. This is the way that the Albuquerque Journal puts it:

"In his communication yesterday in answer to Mr. Fergusson, Mr. F. W. Clancy, in closing, puts the clincher on his masterly argument against inaccurate and prejudiced opposition to the organic act.

"Twenty years ago," he says, "Mr. Fergusson and his then political associates engaged in a fierce fight on a constitution for New Mexico. At that time they ridiculed the idea that opposition to the constitution was opposition to statehood; and asserted then as now, that it meant 'only a matter of a delay of a year or two.'

"The result was that New Mexico for years had to face the unanswerable argument at Washington that the people didn't want statehood.

"Today we hear the same cry; opposition to the constitution is not opposition to statehood; it will be only a delay of a year or two; what does it matter?

"What does it matter! This is the keynote to the opposition on the part of such gentlemen as Mr. Fergusson.

"It doesn't matter if statehood is delayed another twenty-five years; if the long distance government with all its attendant carpet-bagging, office-holding evils is maintained for a quarter of a century longer; if investors place their money elsewhere, preferring to be 'inside the United States;' if the territorial anomaly in a nation of representative government continues to keep intelligent American citizens in political swaddling clothes, it doesn't matter, not one iota, unless a stubborn, rule or ruin minority is allowed to dominate."—Santa Fe New Mexican.

Two pounds sausage for 25c at the Cash Market.

Chas. E. Beasley of Mountain Park was in Alamogordo last Friday and Saturday transacting business.

The Home Laundry, in the Richardson house on Tenth street, opposite the school house, guarantees its work. Work called for and delivered. Prices reasonable.

Frank Whittington spent last Sunday in Alamogordo with his family. He is still with the carpenter gang on the E. P. & S. W., and is now at Cloudercroft on some repair work.